A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchie and waiward was thy infancy,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wild and furious:
Thy age confirmde, proud subtile, bloudie trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac'd me in thy company?
King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my company:
If it be so gratious in your sight,
Let me march on and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more,
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from his warre thou turne a conquerour,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleate armour that thou wearst,
My prayers on the aduerse party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemyes,
And promise them successe in victory,
Bloody thou art and bloody will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though farr more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They shall be praying nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,
King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beauty,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamy,
So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daug
King, Wrong not her birth shee is of ro
Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so
King. Her life is onely safest in her birth
Qu. And onely in that safety died her b
King. Loe at their births good starres a
Qu. No to there liues bad friends were
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of d
Qu. True when auoyded grace makes
My babes were destinde to a fairer death
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
King, Madam so thriue I in my dangero
As intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours were by me w
Qu. What good is couered with the fa
To be discouered that can doe me good.
King. The aduancement of your childre
Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose
King, No to the dignity and height of
The hight inperiall tipe of this earths glo
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report
Tell me what state, what dignity, what h
Canst thou demise to any childe of min
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe
Will I endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of
Which thou suppossest I haue done to th
Qu. Be briefe, least that the processe o
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse d
King Then know that from my soule
Qu. My daughters mother thinkes it w
King. What doe you thinke?
Qu. That thou doest loue my daughte
So from thy soule didst thou loue her b
And from my hearts loue, I thanke the
King. Be not so hastie to confound my
I meane that with my soule I loue
And meane to make her Queene of *Eng*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)